Gideon's Fleece:

OR, THE

SIEUR DE FRISK.

AN HEROICK

POEM.

Written on the cursory perusal of a late Book, call'd

The Conclave of PHYSICIANS.

By a Friend to the Muses.

——*Facit Indignatio versum.*

LONDON,

Printed for *Sam. Smith* at the *Princes Arms* in S. *Paul's* Church-yard, 1684.

A

PREFACE

TO THE

READER.

Courteous Reader,

COmeing accidentally to a *Friends Houſe in the City, a Worthy Member of the famous* College of Phyſicians *in* London, *among other things, I was entertained with a Book Intituled,* The Conclave of Phyſicians, *Written by a Doctor of* Paris, *and* Phyſician *in Ordinary to His* Majeſty, *as he there ſtyles himſelf.*

Hearing my Friend read, and peruſing it a little, we were both ſurpriz'd to find a man, that pretended to the higheſt Degree in Phyſick, *and the Umbrage of his* Majeſty, *fall ſo foul on a* Society *of Men, that ought to be, and generally are, men of the beſt Education, Parts, and Practice in a Nation, founded on his* Majeſties *Grace, encouraged by his Favour, conven'd and inſti-*

tuted by Royal *Authority, continued, ſupported, eſtabliſh'd, and endowed with all the Power and Priviledge, the* Supream Court *of Judicature of a Nation, then thought fit to afford.*

Finding alſo under feigned Names, eaſily intelligible, and in a Pariſian Scheme *Calculated, or rather clandeſtinely Deſign'd for a Meridian nearer home, groſs Reflections, as generally apprehended, on many Worthy Men now living, and ſome dead;* (Fecit indignatio verſum) *the horror of the thing extorted the enſuing* Poem, *which, as it is, I freely commit to thy peruſal, deſiring thee to conſider, if in ſome words and expreſſions, I have been a little keen and ſevere, that in this Caſe, and Thing eſpecially ſo Circumſtantiated,*

Difficile eſt Satyram non ſcribere.

We did then alſo not a little admire, how a great and ſtately Fabrick ſo far Eaſt, *cou'd ſo privately, and ſoon, be conveyed to the* Weſt; *or how the* Preſidency, *and* Cenſorſhip *of a* * Coll. *cou'd ſo cunningly be veſted in one* * p. 158. *Man, who rudely, maliciouſly, and ſawcily exerciſes more Magiſterial Authority, and Correptive Juriſdiction over the Preſcripts, and Receits of its Celebrated Members, then ever* That *did over the greateſt* Empirick, *or unauthoriz'd Phyſitian.*

But conſidering that in the Opinion of ſome ſort of Men, there is not a pin to chuſe between a Conclave, *and a* College, *it may not be difficult to apprehend how ſo abſurd a thing ſhou'd happen, eſpecially if we take in the* Heifer *of Envy to ſolve the* Riddle *of Malice, the working with which but a very little while, like another* Sphinx, *will unfold the* Ænigma.

A Low Condition in the World, I account a great unhappi-

happineſs, but no diſgrace, being what Infinite Wiſdom, in an unqueſtionably prudent Series of Providence, thinks fit to determine; provided it be accompany'd with an humble, induſtrious, and ſubmiſſive mind, ſatisfied for the preſent, and patiently expecting better things when God *ſhall ſee fit; but an impatient, reſtleſs, and turbulent neceſſity, that does* cogere ad Turpia, *ſuch a Poverty as good* Agur *prayed againſt, that makes men ſteal, invade Property, and Common Right, break the Bonds of all Societies, and Laws, and turns men into* Banditi, *Pirates, and High-way men, ſuch an Envious mean Condition, and no other, I wou'd be thought to expoſe.*

As to what relates to Practice, *for which this* Capricio *ſeems ſo much concern'd, thoſe Famous, Learned, and Worthy Men of the* Pariſian Conclave, *whoſe Reputation, 'tis more then probable, is maliciouſly pelted, through the Crape and Tiffany of an envious diſguiſe, if it be not thought, as I preſume it will, too mean an undertaking, when it comes to their Knowledge, are better able to make a Defence; from which both their occaſions and Dignity, may well excuſe, in regard nothing material, but is here ſufficiently, though ſuccinctly anſwered, in ſenſe, or in kind; from whom no other anſwer can juſtly be expected, then what a Learned Man gave an* Antagoniſt *he contemn'd*: Audio contra me Scarabeum quendam ſcripſiſſe, cui reſpondere nec dignitatis eſt, nec otij.

One thing more I wou'd have thee underſtand, Reader, That what is here ſaid in Juſt Vindication of the Members of the Conclave, *that are concerned, is no way Derogatory to the known Worth, and great Eminence of the* Cardinals Exempt; *for as the* Reach *went, the Cloud brake, and the Conclave, like the* Iſraelitiſh Ground, *was partly wet, and*

partly

partly dry, but both ſo inconſiderably, that neither the moiſtures improves, *nor the drought* impairs.

And here I thought fit to mention, That as I never had the Honour to be a Conclaviſt, *ſo* * *I do proteſt, I never yet ſaw either* Pope, Patriarch, *or* Cardinal; *much leſs can be ſuſpected to have had any encouragement from them, otherwiſe than the Satisfaction of my own Fancy, and the doing that good Office for others, which they may well think (as mentioned before) too mean for themſelves, as knowing the beſt anſwer to Calumny is ſilence, according to that of the Hiſtorian,*

* Intrid.

Convitia ſpreta exoleſcunt.

Wherefore, if in this product of a few ſpare and drolling hours, that now enſues, any Service be done the Living, *any Juſtice to the* Dead, *or the leaſt Divertiſement given Thee, Reader, is the uttermoſt aim and ambition of the Author, and thy Friend*

Philo-Muſus.

To

ADVERTISEMENT.

TO avoid the Bulk and Trouble of *Quotations*, the places in the *Conclave* alluded to, or answer'd, are Paged in the Margin, to which the *Reader*, if he pleaſe, may have Recourſe.

ERRATA.

Page 12. line *ult.* read *Naiades.* l. 19. r. *evene.* p 24. l. 3. r. *the.* l. 4. r. *for.*

To the AUTHOR of the *CONCLAVE*.

YOUR *Bolt* is gone, and only in this *wiſe*,
That you ſo *long* about it did adviſe;
'Twas not *ſoon ſhot*, the *Malice* was *prepenſe*,
And therefore juſtly gave the more offence;
But a *mild Judge*, that all things *calmly* hears,
At this time ſpar'd your *Neck*, and cropt your Ears.
If you ſcape *greater ſcouring*, by a *trick*,
You'r fitter for the *Conclave* of *Old Nick*;
It is his Trade *the Brethren to accuſe*,
And, as the * *Viſion* ſays, Torments a *Muſe*;
Yet while time laſts, the *Muſe* proteſteth, That
She will Torment both *Satan* and his *Brat*.

*Quevedo's p. 235.

Melpomene.

THE

THE Introduction.

COme fierce *Orbilius*, and inſpire my Rage,
To ſcourge a *Medicaſter* of this Age;
A naſty Bird, that his own Neſt defiles,
The *Wiſe* pay him with Scorns, the *Fools* with Smiles;
An *Alien* from thoſe *Tents*, whoſe Rules are fit
To teach him *better* Manners, ~~and more Wit.~~
A *gnawing Cubb*, that tears Dams Bowels out,
Inform, raw, ſhapeleſs, ſwoln as with the Gout;
Hence tho' his *Satyr* ſtyle in *Gall* does wallow,
His Railings are *unfledg'd*, his Curſes *callow*.
But can that *Name*, fam'd for *Bloods Circulation*,
Turn *Holocauſt* to Spleen, and Emulation?
Bold *Heterodox*, of proſtituted Fame!
Ceaſe to be *Phyſicks-Zoil*, or change thy Name,
Degenerate *Mome*, born to confute that *Theme*,
None of *Great Harvey's* Blood *circles* in him;
Whilſt with Self-fancy'd *Names* thou Courts our Eyes,
Thine own is a meer Vizard and Diſguiſe;
But ſee what Venom in his Heart does lurk
(A *Renegade*, is worſe than *Nat'ral Turk*)
No Vertues can be ſeen by *Jaundice Eyes*,
Where Malice holds the Glaſs to *prejudice*:

Fool that thou art! what ails thy fruitleſs ſpight?
Bark on, the *Sun* ſtill ſhines with his own light.

But how can'ſt *Thou* and *Jeſuit* diſagree,
As great a *Snarler*, and *Make-bate* as *He*,
If's *Bark* obnoxious be, tis a new Faſhion
To *ſheath* up Argument, and *draw* forth Paſſion.
What on this Head thou haſt *Material* urg'd,
Wee'l then conſider, when thy *Spleen* is purg'd.

Gideon's Fleece:

AN

HEROIC POEM.

WHen *Isr'el* had done Evil in God's ſight,
And he his Scourge had made the *Midianite*;
When ſev'n years Yoke and Bondage, heavy grew,
Enough to break the ſtiff neck of a *Jew*:
Then *Gideon*, alias *Jerubbaal*, liv'd,
One of *Manaſſe's* Tribe, that then was griev'd,
And by the hand of *Midian* ſore oppreſt,
Deſpair'd of ſafety more than all the reſt.
Poor in his Family, and he the leaſt
Of all his Fathers Houſe, that made a Feaſt
Of Broth to treat an Angel, to whoſe lot
Did fall the Preſent of a Porridge-pot,
A Preſent well accepted, 'twas the Mind
More than the Gift, the Angel made ſo kind.
A Threſher not profeſt, but out of need,
Joaſh his Son, of *Abiezer's* breed.
A mean Eſtate good *Gideon* did confine,
Is apt to make a bad one more repine,
Fret, that deſert, and learned men do thrive,
When he ſcarce, with the *P.* knows how to live,

'Twas *Naboth's* Vineyard *Ahab* did invite,
And Envy mov'd this ſpiteful *Benjamite*,
To rail at *Isr'els* mighty Men, when he
A *Muſhroom is*, and ever like to be.
Had the wiſe whining *Telper* been but quiet,
Minded his Broth and Porridge-pot, his Diet,
His picque and malice then had ne'er been known,
Or that no fleſh remained on his bone,
But ſince he loves the word, *Unmask'd*, the ſame
Dreſs does become both *Venus*, and his Name.
'Twas Wheat, was threſht by *Gideon* Iſra'lite,
But men are ſo by Giddy *Benjamite*,
Men, whom the world deſervedly admire,
And cannot by ſo blunt a Tool, expire,
Men in the threſhing put to ſo much pain,
As *Giddy* ſpeaks a Threſher, not in grain;
Romantic, frantic, antic giddy brain,
Ne're did the like, nor e're can do again,
An *Andrew* that wou'd well become a Stage
Had he more Wit, and leſs of Spleen and rage.
But 'tis what's natural in Spleen-diſeaſe
To have a dullneſs on the Body ſeiſe,
And thoſe have fits of Frenzy, and of Folly,
That are oppreſt with *Flatus-Melancholly*,
Spiteful, Complaining, ne're content with what
God's Providence deſigneth for their Lot;
Malicious, Envious, ſelf-conceited, proud,
Do their own Praiſe, and Folly ſound aloud,
Peeviſh and fretting at anothers Good,
The true Effects of ſalt, and ſower blood,
Moroſe, revengeful, ſullen, fierce, elate,
Still grudging at anothers proſp'rous State;
Vain-glorious, truculent, puff'd up with pride,
Think they know more, than all the world beſide.

Theſe Fruits grow on an *Hypochondriac* man,
His Temper brings 'em forth, do what he can;
The Cure is *Conſultation*, 'tis too great
For any *Hocus* to do ſuch a feat,
'Tis the concern of skilful men, well read,
To touch This *Hydra's* or *Meduſa's* head,
And he that but *Pretender* is to Art,
Had better to a Conclave Griefs impart,
Than vent ſo much ſcurrility and pride,
And think he does behind a * *Curtain* hide, *Introduct.
Who wou'd effect the Cure by *Hellebore*,
And ſend him to *Anticyra* for more.
Can any think but *Sieur de Friſk* is frantic,
When he condemns another for * *Romantic*? * p. 185.
Or can that man excuſe him from a fiction,
That well obſerves his * *Manner of adſtriction*? * p. 173.
Can't his Vulcanian Courſe, Philoſophie
Of *Staples*, *Stakes*, and *Pipe*-ſtaves mention'd, * vye *173.174. 175.
With any part of *Monſieur Scudery*?
As if an *Atome*, or part minimal,
Cou'd be a Wyth, or Stake, at any call;
Or what determin'd was to humane ſhape
Cou'd be a Monkey, or his Jackenape.
Of what dimenſions muſt that *Atome* be
Whoſe Figure with a Staple does agree,
What was ſo long impenetrable known
Is ſoften'd now, and flexible is grown.
Figures immutable, what makes the Change
Not leſs intelligible, than 'tis ſtrange?
Simples, I mean, of which Compounds partake,
Muſt be of certain Form, and priſtine make.
And I ſhould think that it were eaſier far
For any Child to bend an Iron Bar,
Than for an *Atom* to be turn'd, or bent,

By

By any force, less than *Omnipotent*.
Must not the Staple alway so endure,
What can agen its streightness reprocure?
You'l say, the same force crook't it first with ease
Can make it streight again, when e're it please;
Pretty! but here is doing and undoing,
Much like a former Matrons formal wooing,
Backward, and forward, *pro* and *con*, you see
In *Vulcans* Shop the Chast *Penelope*:
And I shou'd think the Staple must stand bent,
Altho', perhaps, the salt-stake may relent.
* p. 196. Here better may be said, * *risum teneatis*?
If you can dance, the Fiddle you have *gratis*,
And if the Pipes sweet melody but aid,
Stiff-stakes will caper too, I am afraid.
But should I harken longer to this Musick
I should forget Philosophy, and Physick,
Smiling a little while I now proceed
Upon this doughty *Champion's* doughtier deed.
Can any read this weak Mechanick prater,
* p. 199. And not say, that he is the * *Innovator*,
* p. 196. * *Will with a Wisp*, whose blazeing light intices
* p. 185. Out of the common way with strange * *Caprices*,
Which if you follow, more truth will be mist,
* p. 197. Than any other * *Iatrosophist*.
Is this the man will not be lov'd but fear'd,
That plucks the hair off a dead Lions beard?
Drivels as if he still were chewing Mastic,
* p. 194. Moisture as *Excremental*, as * *Phantastic*?
Is this the man, or rather Gut Jejune,
To set all mankind right and into tune?
* p. 120. * Can *Rules* and *Remedies* of Physick put
(As *Homer's* Iliads sometime in a Nut)
Into one Sheet, on which all men (no less)

With

With greater ſafety, ſpeed, and good ſucceſs,
May more depend, ſecurely more rely,
Than beſt pretenders to *Anatomy*?
Is this the ancient * *Method* up to cry, * p. 95.
To pinion Method, that ſhou'd freely fly?
Or the *Dogmatic* Curer to aſſiſt
Againſt a *Quack*, or * *Pſeudo-methodiſt*? * p. 100
That is, that will not travel in his way
* *Novel* or antique (antick I ſhou'd ſay.) * p. 186.
* *Good* God! with what a bold, and brazen-face, * p. 82.
Do ſome men labour others to diſgrace,
Make any Method of that Brat the Father,
That is not Method, but is Quacking rather;
And yet theſe men to Method can pretend,
But tis no longer than 'twill ſerve their end,
Be down-right Quack, and Methodiſt together,
As rain, and ſtorm, in Sun ſhine; twiſted weather.
Is this the man that does ſo * *featly prate* * p. 210. 211.
Of what will purge, fix, and precipitate,
All in a breath? a *Febrifugue* ſo fine,
So much a Pearl, too good for *Conclave Swine*,
* *Ducklings* can laugh, at what will purge and fix, * 169.
And may precipitate, but down to Styx.
Ducklings a better name can never lack,
Duckling the beſt, becauſe a *Duck* cr ys Quack.
But to return, and here a little write,
To do an abſent man a job of right,
Famous at home, abroad almoſt ador'd,
Who do's for praiſe an ample field afford.
Can any think ſo mean of *Doctor Willis*
But one that's meaner much, and much more ſilly is,
That he ſhou'd lay ſo great a ſtreſs upon * p. 172.
* Two caſes, in a great *Phænomenon*?
As for the Mothers, and the Daughters ſake,
To raiſe in his own Spleen an Ague-cake? Fix

Fix that Diſeaſe on Principles unſound,
That with one *Friſk* are tumbled to the ground,
* *And this on Hear-ſay?* no man can diſpenſe
*p. 193. With ſo much Malice, and ſo little Senſe.
Did not this *Great man* often ponder, when
He thought of any thing he had to pen,
Caſt much about, conſider many Caſes,
Take Practic turns, joyn'd with Theoric-paces?
Confer and lay up many things in heap,
Firſt whet his Sythe, and then begin to reap?
Who knew him better, had a longer knowledge,
Than one that ſpent a ſmall time in a Colledge,
Will ſay, 'twas ſo, and no man took more care
Good workmen, and Materials to prepare:
'Tis true he did Compoſe, and Set alone
Wou'd hear another, that conſider on,
But that he was Romantic, or was Raſh,
No man can ſay, but who deſerves a Laſh
Well laid on by one of his own Profeſſion,
*p. 8. * As learn'd a *Schoolmaſter*, as good Phyſician.
But what if this be all the *Daughter* owns,
(Who ſpeaks with honour to the *Doctors* bones,)
That ſhe was once his *Patient*, that he gave
Her *Mercury*, but never digg'd her grave;
That ſhe did ſlumber, far from her laſt ſleep,
The very noiſe of which had made her weep,
Had diſcompos'd her in a high degree
And that from blame ſhe thought the *Doctor* free.
What if the Mother prove much more averſe
To what her *dead* Phyſician may aſperſe?
Both ill reſent, and both do much Condemn,
Who private ſpeech will make a publick Theme,
Heightn'd with all the aggravations can
Proceed from an enrag'd, ill-natur'd man,

Was

Was not this (thus againſt their wills) a rape,
Who *both* did thus (through mercy) death eſcape. * p. 19.
Theſe are the Caſes, credit if you pleaſe,
Thus doted on, in a perplext diſeaſe.
* *In nomine Domini*, can this be the ſame * p. 75.
To *Honeſty and Conſcience** lays ſuch claime? * p. 150.
Whoſe ſentiment was ſo far in the right,
When *three Phyſicians* were miſtaken quite;
And one ſhou'd tell him ſo, *that if he wou'd*
Subſcribe to them againſt the Patients good,
And his own knowledge, he ſhou'd get ſo well,
As he can't there expreſs, nor e're ſhould tell.
Where's *Monſieur Scudery*? One of thoſe ſtories,
In which an honeſt, but no wiſe-man, Glories.
An honeſt man may keep an honeſt Wh—
And Conſcience tell one *L*— but never more.
The great *Sidleian Star* whoſe glorious ray
Was as the Sun, enough to make a day,
Whoſe ſhining luſtre fil'd an orb it made,
Tho' now he bee, (as all men) *duſt and ſhade*,
Set in a Clime from Noxious Vermin clear,
And ſhineing bright in *Empyrean* Sphear,
Enough to teach an Envious man to reſt,
For envy never haunts a Soul that's bleſt,
Painful, and pious, Searching each receſs
Of Nature, and the art he did profeſs,
Endow'd with ſuch a *Soul*, that made up all
Defects cou'd e'r upon a *Body* fall;
Candid, and Tender of anothers Fame,
A good Example ſtill to do the ſame,
Deſerv'd much better Language. But the ſport
Encourag'd all, expected from the *Court*,
And diſappointed. Thanks my *Muſe* do's *Sing*
To both a Gracious and ſagacious *King*,
That quickly found, diſlik't, pluck't out the ſting.

Knew tho' the word, *Associate*, on that score
Be in Contempt, as some have been before,
In an opprobrious way, That to apply
Unto a *Royal* learn'd *Society*
Was arrogance, attemptible by none
But once a *Waspe*, and now a stingless *drone*.
The radiant beames are by reflex divine,
Like *Moses* Face, that make the *Conclave* shine,
May fright profaner men, defend till death
From *Uzzahs* touch, and *Shimei's* stinking breath.
Who Vilifies what stands on Royal Grace,
Striking the Child, flyes in the Fathers face.
The Golden *Chrysostome*, whose mouth and Tongue
Is one well made, and to'ther sweetly hung,
Or rather the experienc'd *Ulysses*,
Who's Tongue is tipt with better speech, than His is,
Words than the purest oyl much smoother are,
And than the sweetest butter softer far,
Leaves the drawn sword to him whose arrows fly,
Like plagues, in darkness and with secrecy.
To good effect That spent abroad some time
Saw Men, and Customes, in another Clime,
Brought back the Vertues of a forreign nation,
At home well used in a higher station,
Must be traduc'd by Nick-name of * *DETATTLE*
As if discoursing wisely were to prattle:
Ver'st in affairs at home, and things abroad,
Must undergo a Pædagogian Rod,
Learned, and well accomplisht, whose great soul,
Some may abuse, but (justly) none Controul;
Learning well manag'd is a double grace,
'Tis a good band, and 'tis too a good face.
And here I can't but cast a *sheepish eye*
Upon the *Vervex in Anatomie*,

* p. 116.

A double *Vervex* makes a heavy Buſle,
Like *Janus* bifrons, or the *Biceps* muſcle:
Nabal a *Belweather*, by a miſchance,
Where Fate, not Merit, *Cattle* do's advance,
Is here diſcharg'd, to pick up crumms with *Mus*,
And ſhould love *Majeſtie*, as well as *Puſs*.
Nabal no Belweather, but a fierce *Ram*,
That *butts* the flock, and runs at his own *Dam*.
Gideon to *Vervex* ever lent an eye,
That made him pray, his *Fleece* might once be dry,
But here 'tis as the *Butcher* ey'd the *Goat*,
To bind him firſt, and then to cut his throat.
Is the *right legg* on which an Art do's ſtand
A *mark* of Ignominy, or a *brand*
Of vile reproach? That Art muſt be but Lame,
If it can any way deſerve that name,
That wants this help to aid, and crutch the ſame.
The famed *Circle* that the blood doth make,
The *Circuit* it do's round the body take,
A *Circuit* that is but a Viſitation,
To help each part, and keep it in its ſtation,
Diſcoverd by *a man*, whoſe very name
To haters of Anatomy's a ſhame,
We juſtly owe to this *Induſtrious art*,
Declares the blood comes from, flows to the *Heart*.
Next to the Circulation I may place
Whats near of kin, and much of the ſame race,
That do's promote the motion of the blood,
A *Muſcle* not yet throwly underſtood,
Protrudes it to the place where 'tis deſign'd
Arterial blood to Venal muſt be joyn'd,
Eaſes the thought, with what prodigious art
The blood can move ſo ſoon to every part.
The Pulſe that (heretofore) ſate in the throne,
Cannot in this affair (now) act alone,

But muſt admit this *helper* to aſſiſt;
Diſcover'd by a *late Anatomiſt*:
Whoſe greater pain and care, he beſt can know
That ſuch *Fatigues* agen ſhall undergo;
Whoſe buſie head and moſt induſtrious hand
Much greater commendation do's command,
Haveing that firm, and ſure foundation laid,
Art will admire, and only *Quacks* upbraid.
This *Muſcle* does the arterie inveſt,
And ſuffers not Arterial blood to reſt,
Which by this means is ever onward preſt,
Was never brought to light, till ſearch was made
Into what lay ſo long obſcure in ſhade
By *one yet living*. ready to maintain
What's ſhew'd in Cutts by *Willis* of the *brain*,
Or *lungs*, or *Stomach*, *arterie or vein*,
Chiefly to give the Fabrick of each part,
Expects additions from the men of Art.
That Knife, and Glaſs, the voyage firſt began
That firſt did paſs thoſe ſtreights of *Magellan*,
Don't yet deſpair to ſhew where more things lye
Cannot diſpleaſe Friends to *diſcovery*,
Glaſs *Pylades*, *Oreſtes* was the Knife,
In Products Anatomick, Man and wife.
The *Milky veins*, contain the Chyle that feeds
And freſh ſupplies, of blood and ſpirit breeds,
Supports the Fabrick that wou'd ſoon decay,
Did not new ſtill recruit, what flys away.
The *duct* conveys the *Pancreatick* juyce,
Of ſuch neceſſity, and ſo great uſe,
Into the Gutts, fierce Choller to allay
That elſe upon thoſe tender parts wou'd prey.
The *limpid Liquor*, where the Nymphs do ſport
And all the *water-deities* reſort,
Of *Naides*, and *Hyades* the Court;

The

The *Nerves*, and whence the branches do commence
To every part those Spirits to dispense,
That quicken motion, and excite the sense,
Keeps Nature in the frame, it should be in,
And shews the hand that moves the work within.
  These, and besides much more a numerous train
Of parts that make, and wait upon the brain
For natures *Seeret Service*, and command,
Are products of an Anatomick hand.
Who can this noble, useful art defame,
Whence such advantages already came?
And what may more, 'tis he alone can tell
That knows the work, he made himself so well.
What is * *Superfluous*, 'tis hard to know, * p. 30.
Good Plants among so many weeds may grow,
That he the weeds must move, that has a mind
But one good plant of better sort to find.
Can such an one * a *Killing Idol* be? * p. 8.
  If e'r was *Alexicacus*, tis he.
Much greater *Ideots* then * at *Paris* are * p. 19. 5.
Fools of the first rate, any man may swear,
Who do expect to run a race, or go
Without a leg, without a foot or toe,
Without this Art, who wou'd Physicians be
Shall pass for Fools, or Lunaticks for me.
* *A yellow cap* becomes his head the best,
And better much then where 'tis rudely plac'd
Instead of Velvet on the learned Crown
Of one of so much honour, and renown. * p. 60.
But nothing is too sawcy for a Prag,
Bespatters men, and thinks he plays the wag,
Is neither Horse, nor Ass, but (both) a mule,
Heady and silly, whom the bit must rule,
Bridle Command and Whip too must correct,
Who to defame another doth affect.

A *Chymiſt* only makes poyſ'nous projection,
A *Tomiſt* pleas'd with none but *Vive* diſſection:
Launces, or rather butchers men alive,
Thinks that alone can make a poor man thrive.
To *Vervex Iunior* ſomething to apply
That ſtanches blood from *Jugular* do's fly,
Intended to do greater miſchief far
But is but what a *Plethora*, can ſpare.
'Tis *Manual Operation* is the Bud
Contains, wrapt up within, the greateſt good,
Succeeds in Practiſe, to a man of Art,
Who knows the whole, can better mend a Part.
Phyſician, or *Chyrurgion* can't be bad,
That's skil'd in this, and ſuch great help has had.
What if in Practiſe ſome do chance to dye?
Was it becauſe the *Monſieur* was not by:
Or if a *Tendon* punctur'd be or *Nerve*,
(Which yet needs Faith, and credit muſt deſerve)
Can ſuch an accident that happens ill
Blanch or defame an able *Surgeons* skill?
'Tis real Knowledge, *maugre all diſaſter*,
Will make a *Scholar* much out-do a *Maſter*.
But what if what do's for ill *Puncture* paſs
Be nothing but an *Eryſipelas*?
On which a *Gangreen* may, perhaps, ſur'vene,
And turn about the ſtory quite and clean;
No *Nerve*, nor *Tendon* wounded, or no pain,
What then was *punctur'd* was the *Median* Vein;
And ſo acknowledg'd by * *the man of Art*,
The firſt did to a Vein, that word impart.
Is not a Surgeons Credit *punctur'd* thus,
Aſſaſſin'd by a ſcattering *Blunderbuſs*?
Charg'd with as many Bullets as might kill
Twelve men, if manag'd with more wit and skill,

* p. 43.

But now leſs hurtful then a ſingle Bugg,
And all may well concenter in one Slug.
Rather look home, and ſay thus, *Pater Noſter,*
Forgive the daily Blunders I do foſter,
Stifle and keep from publick view, and ſight,
Tho' others here with faults I charge in ſpight,
Give Food, and Raiment to a man has none,
And when I ask for bread, give not a Stone,
Tet if a Stone ſhould ſlip into my gut,
I know to whom to go to have it cut,
To one, I hope, (*tho' him I did abuſe*)
Will not a Patient penitent refuſe.
Charge not Male Practiſe on my younger Age,
Nor on my riper years Malicious Rage,
From Hatred, Envy, Malice, and the Curſe,
Of want of Charity, deliver us.
This is a Chriſtian Part, and not to fly
On Places gawl'd, or ſtrike men in the eye.
The *Bell* ſounds loud, and rung will never break,
Much better plac'd, then on an *Emp'ric's* neck:
That's now in middle State, twix't fear, and hope,
Is a *Vatinius* to a *Miroſcope,*
Yet when he pleaſe, of That pretends the uſe
As ſome atonement for a grand abuſe.
A *Bawble,* in another's hand, in His
Omnipotent, and a *Creator* is.
Wou'd *Par-boile, Bake,* wou'd *dry,* and *roaſt* enough,
But that another man muſt find the ſtuff,
Wou'd have the benefit of *his own* laſh,
Cou'd he reach further then a poor *Calaſh.*
Thoſe that are better drawn about in Coaches
Are objects fitted for the worſt reproaches;
But n'er the worſe for *Rabſhake's* great rant,
A Poor *Phyſician,* and a weak *Gallant.*

Had

Had he but what the *Fleece* deſerv'd, all men
Of idle ſcribble wou'd abhor his Pen,
A thing of ſuch a foul Prodigious *Genus*,
As far exceeds both great and little *Venus*.
But as a *Guerdon*, for his Clerkly Pains
* p. 13. More wit may be transfus'd into's * *Calfes*-brains.
* p. 188. * *Shagrin* of this concern may take the care,
And *Frisk* be plagu'd materialls to prepare.
Of what great uſe the *Microſcope* has been,
To all Ingenious men is plainly ſeen;
And he that laughs at ſo great help as that,
* p. 135. Needs not it's aid to magnifie a Bat.
* *FÆTUS*, the Glory of his *Alma Mater*,
Buoy'd up with fame in *Practiſes* High water,
A Sea-mark, which no Pilot but muſt ſee,
And by his means eſcape much miſery,
Made for the good of others, and well may
Be pitcht upon by every bird of prey:
Who tho' thereon he drops his dung, no hurt
Comes to this Pillar, high enough from dirt;
What e'r is thought of *Fœtus*, that's the Child
That has *himſelf*, and his *own Bed* defil'd,
A hopeful bird, as ravenous, as great,
Like a foul *Harpie*, dungs upon his meat.
He that obliged has all human kind,
By labouring mans *Original* to find,
His *riſe*, and *growth*, and how *that Little* can
Was once a *Point*, in time become a *ſpan*,
That *ſpan* a *Child*, and then that *Child* a *man*:
Whoſe modeſt skill into thoſe ſecrets ſearcht,
That Nature, like a *Hawke*, kept mew'd, and pearch't,
Muſt meet with men *inhuman* or more plain,
With *Brutes* that rudely will reward ſuch pain:

A Book of greater worth, I here engage,
Than all the *Quacking Scribble* of an Age,
Venus with all her wandring Train, can't dare
With this *fixt Star*, Luſtre, or Light compare.
Another Scene of Mirth muſt be * *Morbilli*,
Sober, and Grave, that calls to mind *Barzillai*;
Aged, and true, who Complements his Art,
As loth from it, and it from him, to part;
At the ſame diſtance from a * *weſtern Bumkin*, * p. 8.
As is a Good *Musk-melon*, from a *Pumkin*.]
Would bring * the *Queen*, o're *Jordans* ſtream, but that * Medicina.
His *Feet* can hardly go at ſuch a rate;
Wiſhes her well, and prays no Ill may come
By open Violence, or ſecret Doom;
Uſeful to many, whoſe great Fame and Skill,
His Neighbours *longer eares*, do vex, and fill.
Mus abſent, in his place cannot appear,
His Deputie's, * the *Monſieur le Docteur*. * p. 135.
Sieur Plegmatick, now in his Grave, muſt be
Digg'd up again, hang'd in *Effigie*:
* Branded with all the marks in *Head* and *Hand*, p. 110. &c.
Fancy can Forge, or *Envy* can command:
Made the *Chief Butt* for Arrows were moſt tipt
With Pett, and (more) in Malice double dipt.
Of whom, what here is fitter to be ſaid,
Is, That a *Learned Sober man is dead*;
Ought to have Right, and Priviledge of Reſt,
The *Magna Charta* of all Men deceaſt;
Great in his time at *Court*, and in the *City*,
Stanch in his Judgment, though not madly *Witty*.
His *Epitaph*, made by a Man of Fame,
Whoſe Nature *flatly* contradicts his Name,
Pictor and Poet, does him greater right,
Is the beſt Antidote, expels the ſpite,

There beſt are read his Parts, and Charity,
How far from Baſe, and Sordid Actions free:
Grandeur, and Candor, if you pleaſe to hear,
Marble can *ſpeak*, and Stone will make appear,
To him that both together ſhall compare,
What *Contumelies* on his Aſhes lye,
Sacred and Dear, to all Poſterity.
If whipping *Cat* of Ninetails, or *Strappado*,
Anointed well with Oyl of *Baſtinado*,
Be juſtly due to a true *Renegado*,
What will become of them, that croſs the Seas,
To purchaſe *Doctor-ſhip* at greater eaſe,
And, at return, affirm their Muſhrom Skill,
Can cure the Men, that greater Art would kill?
Turn tail to every thing where they were born,
And think *That* nothing can deſerve, but ſcorn,
Compar'd with what the *Braggadocio* prates,
Is had *beyond Sea* at much cheaper rates.
Vaunt their own great *Accompliſhments*, and *Art*;
As if to all they Science cou'd impart.
Theſe wou'd be *Bell-weathers*, but that 'tis found,
The *Bell* is *crack't*, or has a crafty ſound.
Short horns beſt ſuit ſuch miſchievous *ſhrewd kine*,
That nothing *humane* have, much leſs *Divine*;
* p. 71. * Do's ſuch a falſe, and idle Tale rehearſe,
As ſhames his *Proſe*, and ill becomes my *Verſe*.
To give *the Painter* his true Colours then,
The Doctor was deſir'd, or call'd, 'tis ten
To one; or on the old ones tir'd Back,
A new Diſeaſe might come, with freſh attacque;
Carus, or *Apoplectick* fit may ſmite,
* p. 75. And that might make the *Painter* ſay, * *Good night*,
When all the fault upon the *Jeſuit* lies,
* p. 135. * *Good man and true!* without him no man dies,

To

To whom 'tis malice to assign this Function,
To close up Eyes, or sunge in * *extream Unction.* * p. 74.
* Who can report *six grains of Salt* of Amber, * p. 75.
Can, but by *Frisk* be thought, to fill a Chamber-
Pot of a Kilderkin? Perhaps, more may
Bring Water in great quantity away,
So this may serve another to expose,
The matter was not much, what was the Dose:
This was enough to raise the Cry, * *Oibo!* * p. 15.
'Tis *Conclave Cardinals* make Urine so,
The Dogs without, and * *Dock-tail'd* Currs, do miss, * *Introd.*
When they hold up their *Crippl'd* Legs, to piss.
The same Untruth and Malice, you may find,
In other things: I haste to what's behind.

To shew this *Monsieurs* picque is general,
Spares none, but like to death attacqueth all,
Opens at all, falls foul upon a Brother,
And wou'd, if she cou'd be a man, his Mother,
Sheds Venom on a man of * *Bouncing Fame,* * p. 83.
A man of great, and yet without, a name;
'Tis not material, *some body* was meant,
What he most Fancies, whether *Dort,* or *Trent*;
Trojan or *Tyrian,* 'tis no matter which,
The man must *scratch,* if Envy does but *itch*;
Yet from himself he draws the greatest Blood,
And that way, if a *witch,* may be withstood;
But 'tis no *Conjurer,* the greatest need,
Is from a *Calenture* he has to bleed,
Passing the line, *distemper'd* he is grown,
Else he the *Conclave* wou'd have let alone.

The thing's too plain for any to pass by,
The foul Harangue of a fine *Butterfly*;
* A famed *Norw. Doctor,* that shou'd scour * p. 59.
Unto his Patient, in a Coach and four,

But for a *Butterfly*, made ſuch a halt,
p. 60, 61. As made ſoft Fire (he ſays) make ſtinking malt;
But what a pretty * anſwer is there ſaid,
By the new *Widow*, to the *Doctor* made,
Such as is deeply dipt in a *Romance*,
And ſavours much of *A-la-mode a France*.
p. 198. * Who to their *Inſtitutes* a *Conclave* ſends,
Shou'd ſee that Truth Intelligence attends,
That he be well inform'd, and not aſperſe,
The *living* Gown, or the *deceaſed* Herſe,
That famous Perſon was too great, too high,
Too wiſe, too ſolid, to regard a fly
Domitian-like; when great concerns were near,
Then unconcerned, and childiſh to appear;
But grant 'twas ſo, the Patient might have dy'd,
Before his Wife his *Quackſhip* cou'd have ſpi'd,
Cubb'd in *Calaſh*, or on a Winged Steed,
What e're his haſte was, or how great his ſpeed;
Since it did ſo *evene*, I may ſo ſay,
And not *predeſtinate* mens lives away;
Unleſs this may perhaps be in your mind,
To fruſtrate means *the Fly* was then deſign'd;
But did not *Politicks* Divinely erre,
That *Monſieur* was not deſtin'd to be there?
Who wou'd have ſcorn'd the *Coach*, and been the *Fly*,
Put on his Wings, before the Sick ſhould dye.
And ſince I name his *Quackſhip*, 'tis but right,
To bring ſome of his Virtues into ſight,
His Craft, and his *Technologie*, to get
The Fiſh that will not bite, into his Net.
p. 61. * Firſt he before him ſendeth out a *Scout*,
To make his way, and bring the thing about;
Inſtructs his *Emiſſaries*, ſends before
Such Cattle, then himſelf knocks at the Door;

But

But firſt (deſir'd) his *Scout* prepares the way,
And what an *Artiſt* this man is, does ſay,
Has cured ſuch and ſuch, that were deplor'd,
And by his Speech, makes him almoſt ador'd;
Then does the *Woodcock* fall into the Trap,
And lives or dies, as good or ill ſhall hap.
Works off the former * *Phyſick-man*, that he, p. 62.
To kill, may have the greater Liberty;
Is petulant, and ſeldom will confer
About the Caſe of any * *Sufferer*, p. 5.
Without Affront, or Huff, will take a care
The man he meets, be juſt of his own hair,
No joyning elſe, elſe no way to comply,
But *Diſcord* is the greateſt *Harmony*.
Such *Raſcal Deer* do oft out ly the Pale,
And are not much concerned in the Tale;
But if they wanton, or too fat do grow,
The *Keeper* then muſt uſe his *Gun* or *Bow*.
* *The Nail well CLENCHED on the other ſide*, p. 90.
Faſt *rivetted*, will ever ſo abide,
Cannot be drawn, untill his *Pincers* come,
That for another left ſo little *room*;
A *Nail* that's driven with ſo great a ſtroke,
As might one of the *Brother-hood* provoke;
Iſma'l, contentious Member, rotten Limb,
Conclave, and *Quack*, are jointly met in him:
To whom I wiſh a Temper free from ſtealing,
Leſs of the *Quack*, and more of *fairer dealing*;
Or, if he wants an Office, I'd prefer
To be the Conclaves Annual *Scavenger*,
Provided he himſelf did well demean,
Not make more *foul*, the place he ſhould keep *clean*.
* The *next Phyſitian* to the Houſe that's beſt, p. 147.
In ſpacious *Paris*, ſacred in the *Weſt*,

Muſt

Muſt have a flap of *Reynards* ſtinking Tail,
Tho' it to hurt him nothing does avail;
'Twas nothing but becauſe he was not there,
Had he but come, h'ad cur'd the Pewt.
But being not *call'd in*, the man was ſlain,
Unhappy much, beyond a Country *Swain*;
* p. 148. Two Planets (* *Saturnine*) preſage his Death,
When he alone propitious was to Breath;
Cou'd give the Leaſe of Life a longer date,
Cou'd parly Death, and give a check to Fate,
Cou'd be the beſt directing *Cynoſure*,
And knew the thing, did never fail to Cure.
* p. 91. Were * *Ruſſia* Diſcipline now uſed here,
He wou'd his ſhare of *Juſtice* have, I fear,
Whoſe longer Practiſe ne're can *Maiden* be,
As an *Aſſize* from *Execution* free.
Had ſuch a Cuſtom been in *England*, then
He never now had rail'd at *better* men;
Had been a Sufferer by *Lex Talionis*,
And no body had taken out *de Bonis*.
This only wou'd *notabile* have been,
And he out of a *conſtant courſe of ſin*.
But ſince he lives to caſt that in the Diſh
Of one, has greater Fame than he cou'd wiſh,
I hope all Men will laugh, and no man vex
At the ſly trick of ſuch a *Carnifex*.
A *fatal Error*, there, perhaps might be
Unknown to him, caus'd that Cataſtrophe,
Or time appointed, which *God* only knows,
Without a Fault, the *Patients* Eyes might cloſe,
Which here I leave to *men of Art* that know
What *Aſ'rum Roots*, and *Buckthorne Syrup* do;
Only ſuggeſt *Scammoniats*, and *Mercurials*,
Have made more Slaughter, and procured more Burials.

¶ Theſe

Theſe are the marks this *Monſieur* levels at,
Too free in *Cenſure*, ever to be fat,
In ſcribling ſpends himſelf: Thus *Rabbits* play,
Much rain, and *friſking* waſhes Fat away.
If any more his *venom'd Arrows* hit,
For I did only caſt an Eye on it;
Never have Patience *Libels* to peruſe,
That Learned Men, and Worthy do abuſe:
Never approve in *Poetry*, or *Proſe*,
To *hang* a man, unleſs 'tis *by the Noſe*,
He that lets looſe a *Bull-dog pen* on man,
Will cut his Throat, when e're he fairly can.
Credit is next to Life, nay, greater Bliſs,
A better Being, than bare Being is:
Who, unprovok't, another ſets upon,
'Tis ten to one is ſcratcht, if not undone.
To any toucht, if I have not done right,
I will next time *Tarantula* does bite,
Next Caper's cut, or the next *friſk* is made,
And now retire from Sun ſhine into ſhade,
To meditate upon a *Hackny Jade.*
Firſt from the Worthier men their Pardon crave
Beneath deſert, if treated 'em I have.
Here *Gemini* the Conſtellation ſhines, * p. 14.
Simeon with *Levi* force together joyns;
* *Simeon* the *Doctor* does in Van appear,
Levi the Surgeon marches in the rear,
Commanded by *de Friſk*, all three attaque,
And joyntly leap upon anothers back.
Had not this Doctor better ſtaid at home,
Then come abroad to carp, and play the *Mome*;
Whoſe Haunches wou'd much better fill a Chair,
Then play ſuch pranks, ſcarce here accounted fair,

Beneath

Beneath the worth and place of a *Profeſſor*,
To favour *Trigg*, or *Culpeppers* Succeſſor.
Levi the younger Tribe, and much more dull,
Famous for *little Brain*, and a *thick Skull*;
Who ſhews his Teeth, that are too blunt to bite,
And hates what he ſhould be, an *Iſra'lite*,
The Junior *Vervex* is the likelieſt man,
Levy's full inch-thick Cranium to *Trepan*,
VVhere can no danger be of hurt to Brain,
Much like a Rabbets, when the Moons in VVain.
Levi the Curſed Cow with her ſhort Horns,
May cure a *Penſil wart*, and cut mens Cornes,
But if you look for one of greater Art,
Gideon can tell where *Vervex* keeps his mart.
And here I may both Proſe and Poem joyn,
Embarked in almoſt the ſame deſign,
Profane, Traducing, Dull, in every line;
Proſe without Grace, and Poems without Wit,
Are like a *rotten Nut* has nought in it;
When Magot has devour'd the *Kernel*, then
The *Empty ſhell* is not fit Food for Men.
Were I to chuſe what man I thought the beſt,
And among *Poets Saul* above the reſt;
I ne're ſhould think a *Self-conceited* thing
Cou'd be of very *Poetaſters* King;
I rather like a *Modeſt Muſe*, that hears,
What others ſay, and at them pricks her ears,
Then a damn'd *Porcupine*, whoſe venom'd quill,
Can ſhed the Blood of whom he pleaſe to kill.
Is't Wit or Wile, I'd ask a ſordid Muſe,
In Proſer, or in Poet, to abuſe?
Here now my Muſe, wou'd take a little reſt,
Claiming what others want, *quieta eſt.*
(After a little Pauſe.)

She's

She's now refreſh't, and travels on before ye,
Into ſome other parts of Sacred Story.
When *Iſra'l* was to try the mighty band
Of his *Almighty Sovereigns* Command,
To cauſe the force of *Midian* to retreat,
And with 300 a great hoſt defeat;
Then *Gideon* pray'd, a *Fleece*, if dry, might be
A Signal promiſe of a Victory;
His ſuit was granted; *Fleece* was dry; on all
The Ground about a mighty dew did fall.
'Tis now no miracle, the *Fleece* is dry,
Gideon can ſhew't without a Prodigy.
And to its dryneſs you may add, 'tis light,
With Pores well ſtufft with Drollery, and Spite:
Who ought of Argument in it can meet,
Had need of Eyes that are not dim to ſee't.
No *Vein* but railing, and of Nerves not one
Is to be found in this dry *Sceleton:*
The *Viſcera* are all become one Spleen,
Nought elſe but That, and Lungs are to be ſeen;
Nought elſe does fill the Cavity below,
Except that part whence bitter Gall does flow.
Jejunum does appear the greateſt Gut,
Ileon, and *Colon*, are in *Cæcum* put,
Cæcum's the Babies *Rectum* too, the *Blind*
Gut is ſo cramm'd, it leaves a ſtink behind,
A ſtink does to the Infant moſt adhere,
Who does himſelf with his own Dung beſmere.
The *Brain* ſo little, and its bulk ſo ſmall,
Is next of kin to what is none at all;
And eaſie 'tis to think, a thing that's dull
Can come from none, but from an empty Skull.
Yet that which greateſt therein I do ſee,
Is what is call'd *Rete mirabile.*

A Net well bird-lim'd, ſpred with a Deſign
To haſten work, and multiply the Coin.
This was a Voyage for the *Golden Fleece*,
Attempted by a flock of gaggling Geeſe:
Not ſuch as ſav'd *Romes Capitol* from harm,
But ſuch as *Colchos* were reſolv'd to ſtorm.
A Crew of Sea-men, ſtrong and luſty Louts,
And *Jaſon* there, Chief of the *Argonauts*.
But ſtay——
'Tis not the taking ſome *Outlandiſh* Air,
Can make a man accompliſht home repair,
Unleſs the Root be in him, no good Fruit
Can be expected; 'Tis a better Brute,
A Stallion dreſt with Ribbon, ſo well bred,
To leape a Common Brain, and Vulgar Head.
A pair of *Whiskers*, and the *Sieur de Friſk*,
Make Art no greater, tho' the man more brisk;
Some *Tranſmarine*, tho' Hoſpital Phyſicians
Have no more Skill than Vagabond Muſicians;
'Tis Judgment to the Mill that brings the Griſt;
The Butcher ſees more than th' Anatomiſt;
Things too familiar ſeldome will grow big;
A Grocers Prentice ſcarce will touch a Fig;
And tho' the Traveller the Cogg more mind,
The home-bred duſty-pole more Corn will grind.
Phyſick, and all the Care of It is vaniſh't,
Out of that Breaſt wou'd have Phyſicians baniſh't;
* Writes *Bodin*, *Sueton*, *Seneca* ſay thus,
*p 114. *Quintilian* alſo, and *Herodotus*;
If they a Barb'rous action but relate,
The ſame is laudable in his wiſepate;
And what in Foreign parts inhumane was,
Muſt every where as practicable paſs,

Becauſe

Becauſe Some ſuit not with a peeviſh mind,
To All in general he'l prove unkind,
Taking a Pet (perhaps) at Two or Three,
Extend his Rage to all the Faculty:
Rip up the *Bowels*, that himſelf have born,
And *Nero-like*, expoſe to view and ſcorn:
But this does too great Honour to him lend,
Med'cin no Viper is, nor bare this Fiend;
An *Aſiatick* Monſter, Meager, Slender,
Got where wild Beaſts come down to Drink, and Gender.
'Tis beſt this way an Artiſt to become,
And this the beſt *Anatomy* to Some.
Who, if they bring this Cuſtom into faſhion,
Should be the firſt are baniſht from the Nation;
Were all like him to Phyſick did pretend,
Moſt wou'd be plea'sd it might have ſuch an end.
Can any think this probable can be;
* *New Obſervations* in *Anatomy* * *Introd.*
Shou'd be diſcovered more by *one* than *all*
The num'rous *Conclave*, *Pope*, and *Cardinal*?
And yet this man *Diſſection* to purſue,
With all the Malice to a Caitiff due;
Here's a plain *Surfet* taken of a Knife,
Too much of *Pride*, too little of a *Wife*
Perverteth Judgment, and Debauches Life.
Heroſtratus, a Temple did inflame,
To ſee if that way he cou'd raiſe a name:
And 'tis the Province of a ſneaking Drabb
To lend ſometimes Authority a ſtabb:
'Tis a great ſtep to an Egregious *Knave*,
At one time to attaque a whole *Conclave*:
And tho' the care be great of Guard and Welt,
The blow may be, when unexpected, felt.

A Suburb-Cat ſhould mind no City-Mice;
Diſtemper'd Perſons need the moſt advice,
A *Name* ſo great, ſo famous, ceaſe to wear,
Or to abuſe his *Conclave*, *Quack*! forbear;
And that of *Gideon* evermore decline,
Or, under meaner Fortune, ceaſe to whine.
He that would live in Calm, and reſt in Shade,
Muſt not anothers Name or Fame invade;
For who an ill Aggreſſor once is found,
Is ever plagu'd ſtill to make good bad Ground.
Who loves to contradict anothers ſenſe,
May that way *Doctor Singular* Commence,
Live an uneaſie Life, and when he dies,
Have this Inſcrib'd, * *Doctor of Contraries.*
But to go on with a brisk *Gale* and *Tyde*,
And after Safely at an *Anchor* ride;
Breath of good men, not to *uſurp*, but *gain*,
Saluted *Admiral* upon the main,
Top and Top gallant, Pendant, Streamer wear,
Is that which *Contradiction* cannot bear.
Roughneſs *one Creature* claims as a true mark,
And *Curs* may have a property to *bark*,
Shapeleſs is one, and *ſnarling* is the other;
Diff'rent in kind, in rudeneſs each a Brother.
Honour is not in him that does *receive*,
But better plac'd in him, that does it *give*;
He is the *Fountain* whence Reſpect does flow;
The Man is but a *rivulet* below,
Damn'd up, or ſtopp'd, by every waſh, or fall
Of a great Tide, or of a rotten Wall.
The beſt advance is by *Humility*,
And none can make ſo great a Leap, as he
That firſt retreats, and then comes on more fierce,
Fetches it further, than I can rehearſe.

* p. 135.

I ne're the *better* am, if ten be *bad*,
Nor can one *Vertue* in their *Vice* be had.
I may a bitter envious mind expreſs,
And thereby make my ſelf ſo much the *leſs*
But if I wou'd *Auguſt* and *Great* appear,
I'd not *deſerve*, or no mans Cenſure *fear*:
Cenſure but few; not count my ſelf the *beſt*,
He that *Connives* is ſooner at his reſt.
'Tis an ill way to be a man of * *Note*,
To take all men he meets with by the Throat;
Expoſe with all the *fouleſt Play* he had,
VVhat, with a *fair Conſtruction*, can't be bad;
VVere all due Circumſtances weigh'd and clear,
The *Charge* wou'd not ſo *terrible* appear:
But when one ſo much *envious freedom* takes,
Cenſures but what himſelf obſerves and makes;
'Tis ill to bring ſuch *Mormo*'s into ſight,
And then with them himſelf, and others fright,
Lay Death and Slaughter at anothers door,
That is as far from *that*, as *being poor*.
Firſt *make* a Body of Abſurdities,
Then *cloth* it with malicious diſguiſe.
'Tis no good Nature, much leſs any Skill,
To ſave the *Patient*, but the *Doctor* kill,
Endeavour, by all means, ſuch to expoſe,
Are others *Friends*, and only are his *Foes*;
Made ſo by Croſsneſs, and a Peeviſh Frame,
That will allow none elſe to have a Name.
Envy's the worſt Companion e're can be,
Embracing, *Ivy-like*, it kills the Tree;
'Twas *Æacus* did wittily Torment,
And with ſuch VVit was into Torment ſent;
There made a *Helliſh Judg*, fit for the place,
Some ſtill remain of *Æacus*'s Race:

* p. 158.

But

But I can ill allow it to be *wit*,
Folly enough may be obſerv'd in it;
Folly the *Wit* has ſo much overgrown,
That *wit* from *Folly* hardly can be known.
Some wore their Eyes *abroad*, the Story tells,
At home were *Beetles*, *Moles*, and *Dotterels*.
Candour becomes all men of greateſt Art,
Not to be too Severe, or madly Tart;
Who makes a *Burning-Bull* for others fame,
Perillus like, muſt periſh in the ſame.
A *Tyrant* can't but this juſt Sentence paſs,
Since both are *hot*, and both are made of *Braſs*.
Heel find two things, whoever ſhall be there,
To be a *Patient*, and a *Sufferer*;
In heat Tormenting that muſt *ſuffer* ſtill,
Let *Patience*, or *Impatience* work its will.
The *Conclave* ne're will need, nor fear that Fiend,
That in Reproaches does his Talent ſpend;
But in Contempt, and plain Defiance ſtands
With Envious *Quacks*, and boaſting * *Scharlatans*.

* p. 107.

To

To the READERS of this POEM.

A *Smiter* wou'd let none paſs by,
Without a *Blow* or *Calumny*,
And thoſe upon their *Faces* found,
He *jobbernowl'd* againſt the Ground;
To give an *eaſe* was general,
* The *Cynick* hung him on the Wall
Of *Æſculapius* Temple, where
Before that *God* he did appear,
And all *Spectators* preſent, ſaw
A *Rayler*, an *Anathema*.
Believe not *me*, believe your *Eyes*,
A *Smiter* is made *Sacrifice*.

PHILIATRUS.

* *Vid.* Diog. Laert. *in vita* Diog. p. 388. *Ed. Steph.* 1593. ubi hæc verba: Τῶ Ἀσκληπιῶ ἀνέθηκα πλήκτην.

FINIS.